



Meme 🏰 · 20 minutes ago · 4 min read

# Bones

This is probably going to be far shorter than the first post on this blog. And public this time, too. Anyway, my blog post doesn't need author's notes, since it isn't a story.

*Or... is it?*

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Bones.

I thought of bones today.

How, when we die, one of the few physical things of ours we leave longest in this world, assuming our remains are left to our own devices, are our bones.

How my mother kindly formed my bones within her, so that I might have structure.

How your mother may have done the same.

So that structure might support a mind. A nervous system. Organs. Things that perform the required matinance to sustain an otherwise fragile shell.

So that shell might support us.

There's a poster in the hallway. The part I care to point out right now reads,

**"YOU ARE A GHOST  
DRIVING A MEAT-COATED  
SKELETON."**

Odd, isn't it? In a way, we don't know if it's true. What is a ghost?

If I were a ghost, does that mean this "meat-coated skeleton" is simply a haunted vessel?

If it were, why do I haunt it?

No, really. Why am I not some form of pure conciousness, drifting about much in the way my thoughts do, crashing into barriers, and figuring out how to overcome them?

What does it mean to think?

## What does it mean to be "*Human*"?

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*"I think, therefore I am."*

That's silly. Rocks exist, and they don't think, do they?

Yeah, sure. But you're not focusing on the right part.

Oh? What am I meant to focus on then?

"I think." Why else do you think there's a comma? Punctuation serves a purpose, and in this case, it represents the connection between two ideas. It punctuates it.

Oh. But, what does that mean?

You think I know?

I hope that's a rhetorical question.

Then I've got bad news for you. But, if you'd like, I can give it my best guess.

I'd like that. Go ahead.

Well, the concept of the self is a very peculiar thing. It is the belief that one is significant in enough ways that it is worth a note of distinct otherness, or at least, that's how I think of it right now.

Thinking, though... that's a much harder concept to wrap one's head around. Thinking is...

It's when a being has electrical impulses in whatever organ is designated as its mind, and that it interprets to be meaningful.

You don't know any more than me, do you?

Of course not. What do you think thinking is?

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Perhaps it's a form of storytelling. After all, Humans have told stories for ages. Quite literally, all of our lives have been stories. Ones of hunting, like how Kloe the Spearmaster took down that wild buffalo in just a few hits and everyone cheered and hugged and had an extravagant feast.

Ones of loss, and how Daryl loved his plants as though they were his children. And how he knew that, despite their apparent lack of emotion, they loved him too. And so when one of them passed, he cried. He wept upon its death. Not for the loss of the crop, no. Not because he would feed someone a little less. Because that's not what he mourned. He mourned his child. Selfishly.

Maybe it's when those electrical impulses in the mind turn into real impulses. Impulses to discover, to search, to learn. To cry, grin, or do both at the same time. To want. Not for what the being needs to survive, no, but when it cannot explain the drive behind its wanting, and yet somehow it seems justified. I don't know. Nor do I think I'm going to dwell on it much longer.

Because to be "*Human*" is not an act of thinking. It is an act of *living*. The act of telling stories to one another, to *ourselves*, and to those in the future. To our children, our families, our friends, our pets, our parents. To our enemies and our allies.

To the bystanders, innocent or not.

Because while the bones may stay, what they represent can only ever be told. When one dies, they are remembered. Maybe not forever. Maybe not even a few hours after they pass.

Their stories may change. They are misheard, misinterpreted, reinterpreted, forgotten, twisted, and sometimes discarded. Or they are completely fictional. They are created to serve a purpose by someone. Someone with an idea, or a feeling. Someone who tells their own stories to themselves and others.

Like me. And like you. And like everyone else in the history of forever and ever and ever and so on.

Until the day we simply become that "*meat-coated skeleton*." A remnant of another being. Not likely individually significant as a pile of bones. Maybe a few notable cracks with some odd bits and bobs here and there.

Not interesting. Because the story has left that vessel.

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Where did it go, then?

Why, to you, of course. You know their story, don't you?

Well, yeah, I guess. But how does that make their story a part of me?

Because now you get to decide something. Will you tell their story, or shall it be but a hastily-scribbled sidenote in your own?

That's a lot of pressure to put on someone. What gives us the right to decide their fate?

The same thing that allows you to decide your own. You write your story, in the end. You can choose to include theirs in yours because you can choose things. **You can choose to be.**

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...

*Because "Human" is nothing more than a convenient title for describing an inconvenient group of individuals that share naught but similar characteristics. This is why to be "Human" is meaningless.*

Do you want to know what *truly* holds meaning?

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***The stories we tell.***

Because without the stories, we are just  
*Bones.*

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Note: This one had me crying like a baby. Emotions are wild, and they sure as heck make a good story. Also, take *that*, me from earlier. Blog posts *can* have author's notes! Also, please leave a comment about any grammatical errors. I wouldn't want my poor writing to negatively influence your experience of bringing my story into yours.